VOLUME XXV.-NUMBER 50.

Choice Loetry.

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.

The First and Last Productions of the Lames Bard. THE FIRST-AT NINE YEARS OF AGE.

MR. PENNEY'S TURNEY. Mr. Finney had a turnip, And it grew, and grew; And it grew behind the bars, And the turnip did no harm. And it grew, and it grew, Till it could grew no taller; Then Mr. Finney took it up, And put it in his cellar. There it lay, and it lay, Till it began to rot; Then his daughter Spaie washed it, And she put it in the pet. Then she builed it, and boiled it, As long as she was able; Then his daughter Lizzie took it, And she put it on the table. Mr. Finney and his wife Both sat down to sup: And they ste, and they ste, Until they ale the turnip up.

THE LAST. MAD RIVER, IN THE WHITE MOUNTAIN Transfer.
Why dost thou widtly rush and rour,
Mad River 0, Mad River!
Witt thou not pause, and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, beadlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever!

What accret trouble stirs thy breast!
Why all this fret and flurry!
Dest thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world, is rest
From over-work and worry!

The River. What would'st thou in these mounts
O, atranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolled freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a piaintive ditty?

Traveller. Tes; I would learn of thee thy song, With all its flowing numbers, And in a voice as fresh and strong As thise be, sing it all day long, And hear it in my slumbers.

The Einer. A brooklet nunciess and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by way ward fancies led, For the wale world I panted; Out of the forest dark and dread, Across the open belief I fled, Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud, My voice exultant blendin My vaice emitant bleading
My vaice emitant bleading
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of cain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Implicing and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this resky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting. And now, baset with many ills.
A toilsome life I follow:

Compelled to carry from the hills Three logs to the impatient mills Below there, in the hollow. Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Inity I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundried farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble.
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reads or stolede.

Select Story.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

Which Being Altogether True, is Much Stranger than Fiction Could be-A Very Narrow Escape. Showing that Direct Evidence May be as Untrastworthy as Circumstantial Evidence

"I never would convict a man on circumstan-tial evidence, if I were a juror—never! never!" The speaker was a distinguished criminal law-yer of nearly forty years' active practice, and whose fame extended far beyond the limits of history State.

yer of nearly forty years' active practice, and whose fame extended far beyond the limits of his own State.

We had been discussing a recent cause celebre in which, upon purely circumstantial evidence, a man had been convicted of an atraccious muth the circumstances of the case entertained the gravest doubts about the justice of his conviction, and had been swang off into eternity, protesting his absolute innecence with his last breath, and calling upon tiod to send his soul straightway to hell if he was not telling the truth.

As most of our party were lawyers, the conversation, naturally enough, drifted into a discussion of the dangers arising from convicting accused persons whose own mouths were closed upon purely circumstantial evidence, in the absence of any direct and positive proof of guilt, and case after case was cited in which, after conviction and execution, the entire innocence of the supposed culpirts had been clearly demonstrated. Most of the lawyers contended, while the majority of the lawyers contended, while the majority of the lawyers contended, while the majority of the lawyers are no-

was a woman of powerful physique, almost masculine frame, great force of character, and more than ordinary intelligence.

From her testimony, it appeared that a colored woman with whom she had had some dispute, had hit her on the head with a stone and ran, and the three prisoners, coming up at the month, started with her up the street in parsoit of the fugitive. Although the night was dark, there was snow on the ground, and a gas lainp near by gave sufficient light to enable one to recognize a person with ease, some feet away. After running about one hundred yards, the pursuest came to the corner of an alley, and stopped under the gas lamp, being 'hallenged by the deceased, who was in uniform, in company with one of his squad. She swore that when the Corporal called "halt," Short, whom she had known intimately for years, replied, "Go to hell;" and, while standing at her side, so that their elbows were tonching, both being immediately under the gas light, he pulled out a pistol, pointed it at the deceased, who was four or five feet from him, and fired, and then ran down the alley, the deceased pursuing him. She heard four or five more shots fired, and immediately the deceased returned, wounded, and Short disappeared. While the shots were being fired, she saw both Ryan and Grey standing at the corner some feet away from her, and after that they separated, and she went home. It was also proved that this alley was bounded on either side by high fences, difficult to climb, and led dawn to a stream of water about fifty feet wide and three or four feet deep. No traces of fost-sieps were found in the snow except those of one man leading down into this stream, and it was evident that the person who had fired and ran down the aliey, as the man with red hair and side whiskers, dressed in a light-blue aginy overcoat and white soft hat, and upon being directed to look at the three prisoners, identified Short as the man whom he had seen do the shooting.

The testimony of these witnesses was in no way shaken upon cross-examin

the testimony of these witnesses was in no

tion, and had been swang off into eternity, protesting his absolute innecesses with absolute innecesses with a boulet innecesses with the state of t

istalion in some States at this late day.

Short was a small man, of not more than five feet six inches in height, slender, weighing scarcely 130 pounds, with bright, flerty-red hair and side-whiskers, and, at the time of the murder, were a white felt hat and an old light-blue army overcoat.

Ryan was fully six feet in height, of robust frame, with black hair and monstache, dressed in dark clother, and wore a black Berby hat.

Gray was a broad-shouldered man, of medium height, weighing fully 200 pounds, with a full, black beard reaching nearly to his waist. But as the evidence subsequently showed that he had not fired the shot, it is unnecessary to describe his appearance more minutely.

Certainly it is difficult to imagine two men more unlike than Short and Ryan, or less liable to be mistaken for each other even by strangers, much less by their acquaintances. There was no possibility here for a case of mistaken identity.

Short and Ryan were tried together with their consent—Grey having asked for and obtained a separate trial—and each was defended by separate counsel.

After the preliminary proof, relating to the post-mortem examination, the cause of death, and the identification of the hody of the deceased as the person named in the indictment, the Commonwealth called as its first witness a worfor chastity, but nobody questioned her integrity, or her purpose to tell, relocatally, it is true, the whole truth. The prisoners were all her fireded, and were constant visitors to the drink-ring saloon of which she was proprietrees. She

THE COMMERCIAL DEVIL FISH. A Truthful and Instructive Chapter on A. T. Stewart and His Peculiar Methods.

FRUIT OR PLOWER.

Miscellaneous.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD. When orchards smile, and our gardens bloom In rainbow heatity, from day to day, And verdant leafier and nodding plume Keep time to music the breezes play, Hot aweet the lower, When any and shower Unfold the bout and reveal the flower?

Along the meadows, in gleaning lines,
Fran year to year is the primise writ;
Tassels and tendrile of clinging vices
Are never weary proclaiming it;
As bells in the tower
Toll forth the hour.
They herald the flut that follows the flower.

We may watch and wait, but can hasten not. The sweet fruition our hearts desire. Nor gather the grape or the aprice. Until they are fed with the noonday fire; Though the fields we seem. We have no power. To harvest the fruit that is still in flower.

But when the orchards are pink and white, And all the meadows are green and gay, In the promise given we take delight, And breaths the fragrance that comes in May, Nor ask for the dower Of a riper hour. For the perfect fruit in the time of dower.

WASHING FEET IN CHURCH.

Members of a Philadelphia Congregation Ba thing the Feet of their Fellows.

| The content of the

A VIOLET IN THE GRASS.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882.

[From the Minneapolis Spectator.]

It is a singular fact that the man whose fortune consisted largely of stolen cotton and wooten mills, should at last have been made a practical illustration of the doctrine of "punishment after death," by having his own mortal remains stolen and advertised for sale at anction to the highest bidder, and after all, to fail of finding a purchaser.

purchaser.

The missing body, if discovered, was never ransomed, and the world, which owes him less gratitude and respect than any other rich man who has died a "Christian death," in the past five hundred years, can not even say, "Peace to

five hundred years, can not even say, "Peace to his anies."

Mr. Stewart was scrupulously conscientious and exact in the literal fulfillment of all his written contracts. This was his glory and pride. His heart and conscience were fenced in by the barbed wire of written law, and he was never known to rub against it, nor to peek through it—much less to attempt to climb over or crawl under it, in obedience to a generous act being recorded of him, and that was in regard to an old apple woman who for years occupied a stand near his down town store, and for whom he prepared a stall, when he removed to his new quarters, up town, and even this was because he had an impression that it "brought lack to his business."

In other words, he "set" the old woman as he

had an impression that it "brought test to his business."

In other words, he "set" the old woman as he would a trap.

Gold was his god, and the law was his devil, and his worship of the one was only equaled by his care to keep out of the hands of the other. Just before the breaking out of the war for Secession, and after getting control of the cotton market, he made a contract with a Westchester County (N. Y.) builder for the construction of a splendid marble residence, taking a mortgage on the man's homestead, valued at some sixty thousand dollars, to secure the fulfillment of the bargain. When Stewart made that agreement, he was just as certain that the builder's home would sooner or later fall into his possession as he was that the cotten cloth of the country would quadruple in value upon his lead that the fast of the was that the cotten cloth of Manking FEET IN CHURCH.

If mitter very a Philacelphia Congregation Basis thing the Feet of their Fellows.

A large congregation attended the Union Bethel Church of God, Germantown accure, above Berks street, last evening. The members of the church are not numerous, and do not occupy may be the church of God, Germantown accure a contract with a washing of the church are not numerous, and do not occupy may be at 720 colock, his eyes fell on the largest and dienes that had been seen in the house of worship for many days. The announcement that the castom of washing one another's feet would be observed had been the inducement that led to such a large attendance.

After prayer and reading of the Bible, the past to stated that the ordinances to be observed those of the Lord's Supper and the washing of the distributions of the Lord's Supper and the washing of the distribution of the Lord's Supper and

BT HOWARD OLYNDOX

Only a violet in the grass.
Upon the border of the field;
And yet I steep, and would not pass.
For all my bounteons acres yield.

I bless the kindly plough that left. This little, silent friend to me, Of all its sister flowers hereft, Like one cut off from sympathy.

Where youder dark brown belt of trees Breaks on the far blue momentain-line. What througs of violets on the breeze, Give out a fragrance rare and fine! But this one, trembling here alone, Dropped, like a tender thought from God, Needs none to make its message known, Before I plack it from the sod,

And hide it on the hard-tried heart.
Two tired by far for anght of glee.
That yet goes singing soft apart.
"Twas meant for me! 'twas meant for me! THE RETURN

Spring has come back again, divinely fair,
And frees are building beath the violet akins,
And faint, awest dones throug the sunny air,
And yellow-winged, clusive butterflies
Fift here and there:
And hark I the blue-birts, dishining beaven-ward, si
And it is Spring, Spring, Spring.

Watching the grass grow green, that anowdrops gre And died in other Springs, I half forgot; The skies inturcises; I live ance; And from my beating beard drops all regret, While life pears through; For, hard; the blac-birds, climbing bravenward, sin, And it is Spring, Spring; Spring;

With every fragrant violet that I see,
I am a little child again, pierced through
With the same thrubbing, golden certasy.
And when I saw therein no mystery.
Only the blue!
Oh, hark! the blue-binds, climbing heavenward, sing
And it is Spring. Spring. Spring!

FAMOUS CRIMES RECALLED. natice Patterson's Story of the Burdell and Nathan Murders-Other Noted Crimes that Remain a Mystery.

HOW SUBRATT ESCAPED. Reminiscence Told by an Ex-Papal Zonave—Becolections of One Who Was Implicated in the Assassiantion of President Lincoln—Standing by Their Pellow Soldier—An Eventfal Life.

Standing by Their Petlow Soldier-An Eventfal Lite.

One of the most familiar figures in the neighborhood of West Broadway, near Hudson street, is a strongly-built, low-sized truckman, with a smooth-shaven face and sharp features. He passes among his comrades and frieends under the name of "the dominie," not because of any excessive piety on his part, but because, in the course of his highly chockered career, he has managed to pick up a very fair knowledge of history, geography, physics, etc., and to learn several European languages, which he speaks with wonderful fluency. He is, moreover, a pleasant little man, and when his day's work is done, nothing pleases him better than to gather his friends together in a quaint, old-fashioned beer saloou on Hudson street, and to relate the experiences of the past. One story he repeats to satiety, and that is the part he took in the excape from imprisonment in fluly, of John H. Surratt, one of the conspirators against Abraham Lincoln. The other day, a reporter for the Mail and Express chanced to meet this pseudiar little man, and, of course, the latter was uffling to go dover the old ground: "I was born and brought up in Deventer, Holland, near the German frontier," said he. "I was always of a roving—I might say, romantic—disposition, and in 1867, after reaching my twenty-first year, I began to look around for an opportunity to distinguish myself. Just about this time, Pope Pius IX, was greatly in want of soldiers to defend himself against the Garibaldians, and several Papal recruiting bureaus had been started in Switaerland, Belgium, and other countries. Here was a brilliant opportunity, I thought, and—how well I remember the day—on February 14, 1867. I left home, received a bounty of 60 frances, and journied to Rome. In the Holy City, I was duly drafted into the 66 to company of the lat battalion of Pontifical Zouaves, whose head-quarters had just been transferred to Velletri, a small foutified village forty miles north of Rome. Of course, I felt very proud on first donn

SHALL WE PITY THE MAN WHO DRINKS!

HT MER. WM. EMPRISON WAY. Why do you been your curses all On him wis sells the run? I have the same the same the same the same, deserting same? Or have you pity only for him. Who lasters health and life... Who robe his bales of their sustema. And breaks the beart of his wife?

What do you think of a men who yields

His birthright of manhood up

To the desum of drink, and his conscience draw
In the Bory poison cup!
And who with the chains that Satan forgod.
Has beend both body and seed.
Till over his actions and appetite
His will has no centro! You read, I suppose, the annuls of crime; From whence do our converts come! Are their from the ranks of inebriates, if "restred" from selling rans! Be you pity the man who in vengrance seeks. To fire your dwelling at night! Do you pity the thick who steak your gold, And then creeps out of sight?

Do you pity the gambler and libertine! And will you condescend. To condons their sin, and openly Proclaim yourself their friend.? I fear, my fibrata, your pity may Sunnetines have been misplaced.— That yourseptiesus wrath and cost cost Should be for the man debased.—

Who drags himself and those he lot us. To ruin and despair—
Those who must look to him alone. For guardianship and care. Some blame, I finite, belongs to him. Who chooses to taint his breath, And pay the price of his children's bread. For the vile clistre of death.

We unto him who enriches himself
With coin from the drunkard's purse.
We unto him who rains himself
With drink and its terrible carse!
And wes to the revenue which comes
From the drainkard's scanty till?
Perhaps the millennium will see
A country without a still.

BLOODY MASON. The Pioneer Jesse James of the Great West.

series in land at the three processes, described and the state of the

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,298.

LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

nteresting Story of Mer Benth-The Love Borne by the Statesman for His Aged Pa-rent.

The following interesting chapter is from the historical novel, just published at Stattgart, Germany, by Dr. Theodore Canisaus, entitled "Abraham Lincoln," and translated for the National Republicus by Miss Edu Canisius, daughter of the author. Dr. Canisius was an intimate friend of Lincoln, and has come into possession of many interesting facts relating to the Lincoln family which could tend to make him a faithful hiographer:

friend of Lincoln, and has come into possession of many interesting facts relating to the Lincoln family which could tend to make him a faithful hiographer:

Unfortunately, Abe was not allowed to follow his inclination. The summer senson again called him from his studies. Not only was there work in abundance in the woods and fields, but the state of his mother's health became more and more hopeless so that he was again compelled to perform the hardest work of the household, which his sister could not accomplish alone. Then noble-hearted Mrs. Lincoln had become the shadow of her former self. Pale and conaciated, she glided about the house, and when she attempted, now and then, to perform with weak and trembling hands, some little task, she felt as though the exertion had exhausted all her norty in the strong will appeared to shield her body from total dissolution. She would not yet depart from her loving ones, and—she lived, but how miserable that life. During the whole of that summer? What a torture it had become to her! How many sleepless, foverish mights succeeded each other! At last she could no longer move about the lint, to direct and superintend the household affairs. For days she lay prostrate upon her bed, with closed eyes, only now and then lisping feebly a few words, yet whatever she attered in such sad moments was filled with tender care for her family. Even in the secasional feverish wandering of her mind, her thoughts lingered on that which in her latorious existence had formed the very essence of her life, and disclosed the once untiring activity of a worthy, excellent and industrious housewife. On warm, sunny days Father Thomas would carry the weak and now feather-light sufferer into the shade of a tree in front of the little house, where Abe and his sister prepared with loving hands a couch of pillows and bedding. There Mother Nancy often sat for hours together, chills creeping through her frame, even through the glowing sun heat. Even then she looked with a faint smile towards her husband, who